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CHEAP REPOSITORY.

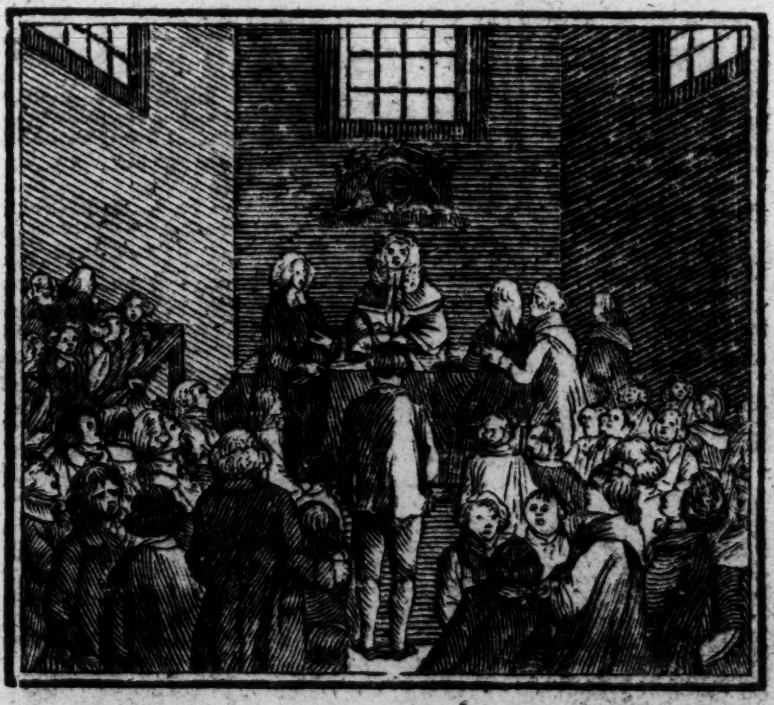
THE

SORROWS OF HANNAH:

A BALLAD,

(To the Tune of the Lamentation of Mary Queen of Scots)

Addreſſed to her Huſband, then under Sentence of Tranſportation for a firſt Act of Diſhoneſty, to which he had been tempted by extreme Indigence.



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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

SORROWS of HANNAH.

OH! Robert, my woes are complete,
My heart's with big ſorrow oppreſt:
Thy doom, my lov'd partner! is ſeal'd,
And Hannah ſhall never know reſt.
Thy image ſtill comes to my view
All the day; and at night, as I ſleep,
I water my couch with my tears,
And I riſe in the morn but to weep.

Ah!

Ah! Hannah, diſconſolate ſpouſe!
On whom ſhall thy boſom repoſe?
Who now will partake of thy joys,
And gently conſole all thy woes?
Of pleaſure my portion is o'er,
But my woes will each hour increaſe;
And ne'er ſhall this boſom again
Admit the ſoft whiſpers of peace.

The man whom we tenderly love
How hard 'tis to bid him adieu!
The world not a charm can afford,
When deſerted, my huſband, by you.
No other ſhall ever ſucceed
To the place that you hold in my heart:
Our minds ſhall at diſtance unite,
Tho' oceans our bodies may part.

Ye children, long nurſt at my breaſt!
Ye pledges of conjugal love!
Of a father's protection bereft,
What ills may my little ones prove!
The world with unkindneſs will frown,
And mark ye as victims of ſhame;
Tho' the *parent* committed the crime,
The *children* will ſhare in the blame.

What motive could ever induce,
My partner, belov'd of my ſoul,
Who ſeem'd to be probity's ſelf,
To join in an action ſo foul?
But, alas! 'twas for me that he ſtole:
With anguiſh he witneſs'd my grief;
And one way alone he perceiv'd
To bring to my children relief.

Ah! had the weak Hannah but ſtrove
To ſuffer with firmneſs of heart;
Her Robert had never reſolv'd
To act ſo diſhoneſt a part.
How many, long practis'd in theft,
Detection contrive to elude;
While my Robert's *firſt* breach of the law
Is by juſtice ſo ſtrictly purſu'd.

And canſt thou then, Hannah, *lament*
That but *once* he incurr'd ſuch a ſtain.
His inſtant detection might ſerve
To recal him to virtue again.
For had he purloin'd with ſucceſs,
And ſtill been from infamy freed,
He might have purſu'd the ſad courſe
'Till his ſoul had been ruin'd indeed.

Yet at ſight of the judge who condemn'd,
As daily he paſſes my door,
How enrag'd do I feel 'gainſt the man,
Whoſe heart would not melt for the poor.
But again, wretched mourner, reflect,
Each pris'ner has ſome one to plead;
And ne'er (did he liſten to all,)
Would the thief or the murd'rer bleed.

Then how ſhould we each be expos'd
To lawleſs invaſion and fraud;
We ne'er could repoſe us in peace,
Or ſtir out in ſafety abroad.
Where laws ſhield the poor as the rich,
There ſurely the country is bleſt:
Tho' their ſentence ſo deeply I mourn,
I ſtill muſt it's juſtice atteſt.

And if, beſt belov'd of my ſoul,
No pardon on earth ſhould be giv'n,
To us 'twill belong to ſecure
A laſting re-union in heav'n.
The penitent guilty are ſav'd
By the Deity's gracious decree;
My Robert, rejoice in the thought,
That thy Saviour expir'd for thee.

O!

O! Thou, the Preſerver of all,
To my earneſt petition attend;
While thy aid I preſume to invoke,
For my huſband, protector and friend!
Tho' daily he hear Thee blaſphem'd
By a ſhameleſs and diſſolute band;
Yet ſtill let him honor thy name,
Still dread to tranſgreſs thy command.

Tho' bound to a far diſtant ſhore,
His friends and his country he leave,
Tho' no children his landing ſhould greet,
No Hannah be there to receive,
Yet he'll not be a ſtranger to peace,
If on Thee his ſoul learns t' repoſe,
Awaiting with calmneſs the hour,
When every ſorrow ſhall cloſe.

The darlings, ſo dear to us both,
Muſt now to my care be conſign'd;
And how ſhall I lead them aright,
Who am ignorant, erring, and blind?
But with vigour the taſk I'll purſue,
While from Heav'n aſſiſtance I ſeek;
That Heaven who ne'er will refuſe
To ſtrengthen the humble and weak.

In my widow'd, unfriended eſtate,
Tho' dreary the life that I lead,
My God will illumine my path,
And prove a defender indeed.
Each murmur, in ſorrow eſcap'd,
From my ſoul I would wiſh to revoke;
From my ſoul I would wiſh to reſign,
To reſign to the heart-piercing ſtroke.

F.

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THE END.